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*For the U. S. Military Magazine.*

## An Incident of the Battle of Waterloo.

BY WM. E. BURTON, ESQ. EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, PHILADELPHIA.

An English artist of celebrity related the following little incident in my presence, some dozen years ago. The vivacity of his manner imbued the simple matter with an effect which cannot be given upon paper, although it was that effect which induced me immediately to enter the narrative in the pages of my common-place book. I now present to the reader a verbatim copy of my notation, retaining even the pronominal "I" of the original. The anecdote is positively a matter of fact, and the surviving brother is one of Britain's most illustrious peers.

The sudden return of Bonaparte from Elba materially interfered with the extent of my continental tour. France was for the present "a sealed book" to an Englishman, and Belgium had become any thing but a pleasant place for a quiet son of the palette. It was known, or said to be known, that the outlawed emperor was advancing through Hainault with seventy or eighty thousand men; countless regiments of English, Dutch, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops were daily arriving in the good city of Brussels; and it was reasonable to suppose that the broad fields of Brabant were likely once more to be the prize ring of the European potentates. Thousands of English fashionables, driven from Paris by the arrival of Napoleon, congregated in the metropolis of Flanders; French officers attached to the Bourbon cause, many of them penniless from the haste with which they crossed the boundaries of their native land, to which they had but just returned after a tedious and degrading exile; the officers of the English and German legions; the officials of the Flemish government; the great men of the whole Flemish nation; and independent of the usual mob of camp followers, a crowd of sight-loving English and idlers who had positively crossed the sea for the purpose of witnessing the campaign. The Flemish landlords were keenly aware of their advantageous position, and absolutely quadrupled their usual prices; nevertheless the Hotel de Bellevue, in the Place Royale, was compelled to have a guard stationed at its doors, to prevent the irruption of the multitude of lodging seekers, who would not otherwise be gainsaid.

My pockets were unable to stand the siege made upon them by the leeches of Brussels, and I resolved to start for home; although I wished to see the fun, which was in preparation, as the players say, and speedily to be produced. I was induced to quit a week earlier than I should otherwise have done, by the earnest solicitation of a hard-faced Frenchman, a special courier in the service of the gouty Lewis; this fellow had been employed for some weeks in travelling between England and the seat of war, and now, with the prospect of a few days' idleness, was unable to find a place wherein he could work off his long arrears of sleep. He offered to pay the whole of my bill at my lodging, the Hotel de Suède, in the lower town, if I would give up my little room to his sole use. I took his offer and his cash, sent my passport to be *vised*, and secured a seat in the diligence to Malines (Mechlin), where I intended to remain a day or two, and gloat over the beauties of Vandyck's Cathedral altar piece of The Crucifixion, and the various pictures by Rubens which decorate the churches of St. John and Notre Dame.

Having deposited my portmanteau with the *conducteur*, I jumped into the *coupée* of the diligence, and, being the first comer, I secured the most comfortable seat of the three, to which, in fact, I was entitled by the number of my ticket. In a few minutes, however, I was requested by the *conducteur* to resign my seat in consequence of the whole of the *coupée* having been secured by a gentleman and his lady, who were going through to Antwerp; I exhibited my ticket, and compelled the official to acknowledge my priority of claim and the error of the office clerk.

"Why should I give up my right to a seat because two passengers wish most aristocratically to secure the whole *coupée*?"

"Monsieur is in bad health, and Madame has her *fille de chambre*, whom she wishes to retain by her side."

"Very well. Obtain me a seat in the *rotonde* or the *interieur*, and I will resign my number to the lady."

A young and beautiful Englishwoman, who, with others of the passengers, had been listening to my dispute with the *conducteur*, announced herself as the lady in question, and with many thanks for my consideration, insisted upon my keeping my seat, as she intended placing her maid in the *rotonde*. The extreme debility of her brother and the possibility of an unpleasant companion, had induced them to secure the whole of the *coupée*, but she was not so preposterous as to permit any gentleman to suffer inconvenience on her account, especially when he possessed a prior claim to the seat, and his politeness insured them the certainty of an agreeable companion.



I was somewhat doubtful at first whether this florid compliment was not meant sarcastically, and for a moment, I meditated a flight to the outside of the diligence; but the quiet lady-like air of the speaker evinced her sincerity, and her delicate beauty determined me to remain in her society, and prove myself, if possible, the agreeable companion she had thought fit to denominate me.

The brother was in such a weak state as to require the help of a couple of stout fellows to lift him into his seat. He was fearfully emaciated, but the hectic of consumption did not illumine his cheek, nor the fire of fever light his almost glazed and sunken eye. He was suffering from atrophy; it seemed wonderful that a human being could be so perfectly attenuated and yet live. His sister supplied the place of wife and mother; a more patient and attentive nurse the most nervous invalid could not desire, and his weak and hollow voice grew potent in the utterance of her praise.

I soon ascertained that he was the eldest son of a nobleman distinguished for his high tory bearing, and had been travelling during the past year in the South of France and Italy, in search of that blessing which alone renders life endurable; but he became daily worse, and less able to sustain the fatigue of locomotion. The war movements of Europe's sovereigns compelled him to leave the city of Brussels, where he had purposed spending the summer; he was now on his way back to his paternal halls—to die. The difficulties attendant on procuring a private conveyance were insurmountable in his case—the distance to Antwerp was short, and the diligence afforded an easy and ready means of travel.

We threaded our devious way through the crowded streets of Brussels, amidst troops of horse, private carriages, baggage and ammunition wagons and tumbrils, battalions of foot soldiers, heavy artillery, country vehicles heavily laden with storage and commissariat stores, sutlers' carts, couriers, and aid de-camps. As the troops arrived, they were sent to their several cantonments; but the city had been a scene of continual bustle and noise for many days, and seemed to have attained the height of confusion at the moment of our departure. The Life Guards, the choicest specimen of English cavalry, had just arrived, and were drawn up in the Park, surrounded by thousands of the citizens, who gazed with wonder upon those noble fellows, the perfection of discipline and warlike bearing. It was their maiden campaign; the dandified appearance of their juvenile officers, the degrading nature of their avocations in London, where they were compelled to fill the unsoldier-like duties of household troops, such as escorting the members of the Royal Family to and from London and Windsor, guarding state prisoners, and quelling cockney out-breaks, had brought them into much disrepute with the Londoners, who predicted the total discomfiture in battle of these "holiday soldiers," "butterfly troopers," and "Piccadilly butchers," as they were called in reference to the riots consequent upon Burdett's removal to the Tower of London, when one of the mob was killed by the cavalry guard. But how nobly did the Life Guards earn a title to their spurs at the eventful field of Waterloo! In their charge upon the cuirassiers of Napoleon, the warlike pets of the *grand capitain* turned tail and galloped discomfited across the field. It is a well known fact that one of the Life Guards, named Shaw, killed nine of the enemy with his own hand. When the English infantry beheld the gallant nature of the Life Guards' charge upon the dreaded cuirassiers, the shouts of wonder and joy that burst from their many thousands of throats rose above the roar of the artillery. But I am not going to detail the well-known events of this wondrous battle—I have made this out-of-the-way turning from my story just to prove that it is possible to be well dressed, to be, in fact, something of a dandy, and yet possess the courage of a man.

In due time we passed the *Porte Guillaume*, and entered the beautiful avenue of trees called the *Allée Verte*, extending itself, like the Long Walk at Windsor, up to the purlieus of the royal residence. My fellow passenger, the invalid, had felt a little excited by the bustle of the city and the stirring sounds of the various regimental bands; he knew by name many of the officers of the English troops, and felt more than a common interest in the probable issue of the approaching struggle. As we entered the *Allée Verte*, the Duke of Brunswick's regiment passed us in marching order. Each soldier was dressed in black, with scull and cross-bones insignia in the front of his hat, which was surmounted by a black plume; the colors of the regiment were of black silk, and the officers, including the gallant duke himself, were in deep mourning, with black sashes and feathers, and crape was affixed to the hilts of their swords.

"Ah!" said the invalid, sinking back into his seat, "a fatal omen! the Brunswick black band! I cannot bear to look upon it—for it tells of death and foul revenge." It was in vain that we endeavored to rally him from his weak and superstitious feeling; he affirmed that the Duke of Brunswick, in resolving to keep his soldiers in mourning till the death of his father was avenged, was actuated by unholy motives; by personal vengeance, and not by patriotic zeal, and that the duke's own and immediate fall would prove the truth of the remark. He anticipated personal evil, also, from meeting the black band in the height of his excitement, at the moment when he had felt more relief from his withering malady than he had experienced during any other day in the past year—he knew it was a weakness, but he expected present misfortune, if not death.

We proceeded in silence for some little distance, till the sudden stopping of the diligence, and the sound of martial music again roused our attention. A battalion of newly-arrived English soldiers had made a partial halt in the centre of the *Allée* in waiting for the route to their cantonment, which had not arrived from the major-general of the division. After a short delay, the diligence was allowed to proceed. As the heavy vehicle was rolling gently past the extended lines of infantry, we gazed into many hundred faces of our countrymen who were about to dare the dangers of the battle field. I was calmly guessing how many of the robust forms and merry faces before me were to be sacrificed on the altar of glory, and whether death meant to decimate them merely, or to mow down the majority in the plenitude of his power, and leave but a meagre skeleton of their well-filled ranks, when I was startled by the abrupt exclamation of our lady passenger, who had been also viewing the troops.

"Good God! there's Albert!"

The loudness of the remark drew the attention of a small knot of officers who had congregated together under one of the spreading trees of the *Allée*. A handsome young man, carrying the colors of his country, uttered a cry of surprise, bounded to the side of the diligence, and commanded it to stop.



"Mary! my own Mary! my dear sister—and Harry, too!"

"You, here!" gasped the invalid, as he staggered from his seat to the window, and threw himself across my knee to seize his brother's outstretched hand. "You, *here*, Albert—in the army!"

"Why not? I've left Oxford—with the honors too, old fellow. My country wants me, and here I am. Why, Harry! dear Harry, how ill you do look!"

"Our mother, Albert—we have not received letters from England lately—our mother's health"—inquired the sister.

"She is dead, Mary. She died two months since."

"Dead! oh, why, *why* were we not informed?"

"We have written many times, to your last direction Poste Restant, Strasburg."

"We intended to pass the summer there, or in its vicinity. I forgot that it was in France. It is my fault. And mother is indeed no more?"

"She died with a blessing on her lips for her absent children."

There was a pause—a holy pause, sacred to the best affections of the heart. It was broken by the sound of the bugle, the hum of many voices, and the loud beating of the drums.

"The route has arrived; I must to my post. Good bye, Mary. God bless you Harry. Father is at the Hall in Norfolk—he'll be glad to see you. Rouse him from his grief, bring him over to Paris next month, and let's be happy together."

"I shall never see you more, Albert," said the invalid.

"Nonsense—you are worth a dozen dead ones yet. Our men are on the move, by Jove; I *must* be gone. Good bye, Mary—I know you will take care of him. Harry, old fellow—brother, give us your hand. This war is but a nine days' wonder—it must last till I win my laurels, though. See you in Paris—and then Harry, I'll give you another sister—your old playmate, Mary, my darling Emily."

The young soldier blushed as he grasped the hands of his relatives; the word of command was given, and he stepped from the side of the vehicle to his appointed place in the ranks of England's warriors; the gentle breeze shook out the folds of his country's flag, as, with head erect, and step of honest pride, he paced to the martial soundings of the band.

The eldest brother retired from the window, and covered his face with his long attenuated fingers. The sister gazed after the young hero, and watched his retiring steps with painful earnestness, while the silent tears stole down her cheeks unchecked.

She was roused from her gaze by the sobs of her invalid brother.

"I shall never see Albert more. The hand of death is on me, Mary; he will not be thwarted of his prey. I shall soon follow our parent."

"Let us hope that the air of your native hills——"

"Do not hope it, for it cannot be. Fool that I was to give Strasburg as a direction. Write home from Antwerp, and ask father to join us directly. Albert expects to meet me at Paris—I *shall never see him again!* How handsome he appears! We spoke together but for a minute, yet our discourse embraced the sum of human existence—collegiate honors, martial glory, love and pride, and—death! Happy brother! blessed with health and youth, he is now in the sure pursuit of victory and fame. Emily, too, the rich and beauteous girl, the companion of his infancy, the chosen of his heart, awaits his return to gladden him with the name of husband! while I, spirit-broken, hopeless, helpless, am dragging my dying frame about the world—a curse to myself, and a subject of annoyance to all around me."

"Dear brother—this is very unkind."

"I did not mean it so, for you deserve more from me than a life's devotion can repay. You must excuse us, sir," said he, addressing me; "this little family matter has doubtless been sufficiently tiresome to you—but this dear girl willingly resigned her place in the fashionable world when her youth and beauty, to say nothing of her birth, gave her a position which few can ever hope to gain—nay, more, she gave up the certainty of a desirable match with one who honorably deserves her love—for the sake of sacrificing her young days in attendance upon a hypochondriac death-struck brother. But it is now nearly over; a few short days will end the struggle, and then, my dearest Mary, you may look once more for happiness and love."

The invalid was right in part of his hypochondriac prognostications; I have told how the sight of the black band immediately preceded the news of the death of the invalid's mother, and it is now a matter of history that Brunswick's duke was killed in the execution of his revenge. But the invalid's prophecy respecting the family destinies proved strangely erroneous, notwithstanding appearances were so much in its favor. It is true, though, that he *never did see his brother again*—for the young soldier was found under the walls of the Chateau St. Hougomont with his right arm shattered by a cannon ball, a bayonet wound in his breast, and a sabre cut upon his cheek—but his country's flag was clutched in his death grasp, and his comrades had to cut the staff and the colors from the hold of his closed and death-stiffened fingers. The invalid encountered a severe storm in his passage across the channel; a strong bout of sea sickness, which at one time seemed to threaten his weak frame with dissolution, evidently new-tuned his nerves and gave him a fresh lease of life. His recovery was speedy and entire; he hastened to console the afflicted Emily, the intended bride of the dead soldier; how sincerely she mourned his loss may be ascertained from the fact that in less than a twelvemonth she gave her hand in marriage to his brother.

The sister married the man of her heart, and is now the mother of seven children. An affectionate sister seldom makes a bad wife. The adventure in the diligence had its effect upon my future destiny, I can assure you. I was then a poor half starved painter, living upon enthusiasm and boiled beef, with a tolerable slice of hope of better things. You know what I am now, and how I live. You know, too, who patronises me, and who is said, correctly too, I own, to be the builder of my fortune and my fame. Well, that nobleman was the invalid in the diligence.



## The New England Guards, of Boston.

This elegant military Corps was called into existence in consequence of the difficulties existing between this country and Great Britain in 1812. An association of Gentlemen, among whom were some of the most enterprising merchants of Boston, met and petitioned the Governor and Council for a charter, which was soon after granted. On the 22d of September, 1812, the company met at Fanueil Hall, and was organised by the choice of the following officers:—

COL. SAMUEL SWETT, OF BOSTON, AS CAPTAIN.

GEORGE SULLIVAN, Esq., as Lieutenant.

LEMUEL BLAKE, Esq., as Ensign.

On the 19th of November, 1812, the Company made their first parade in uniform with 56 rank and file, and the officers. On this occasion, Gen. ARNOLD WELLES, then in command of the Brigade, presented them with a magnificent standard, a description of it would take too much time; suffice to say that the Silver Eagle surmounting the pole, cost One Hundred Dollars. The motto on the standard was as follows—“*Our Nation's Honor the Bond of Union.*” This motto has ever since been adopted as the motto of the Corps. On the 9th of December, of the same year, the Guards were called upon to perform guard and escort duty, for a Court Martial, then assembled in Boston; which, owing to high political excitement, was considered necessary; this duty they continued to perform for several days, and at the adjournment they were dismissed with the thanks of the Court. On the 19th of January, 1813, the Corps received two field pieces as a loan from the United States, of 18 pound calibre, thinking they were better adapted for harbor defence than musketry. On Sunday, April 3d, 1814, the Guards were called upon by the Governor, at the request of Com. Bainbridge, to proceed to Marblehead, to assist in the defence of the U. S. Frigate Constitution, which had run in there chased by the British Fleet, which were at that time cruising off Boston. The Guards had in February previous, volunteered to hold themselves in readiness to act at a moment's warning. They proceeded to the Navy Yard in Charlestown, with 92 rank and file, and also their officers. At the Navy Yard they took charge of some heavy ordnance, and then proceeded towards Marblehead. Before reaching their destination an order came for their return, as the Constitution had got safely into Salem; they then returned to Boston. At the requisition of Com. Bainbridge, the Guards on the 13th of June, 1814, proceeded to the Navy Yard, where they encamped for the purpose of protecting the U. S. ship of the line, Independence, which was then on the stocks about to be launched, and from some demonstrations which had been made it was feared the British would land in boats, in the night, and burn her, as the fleet were then off Boston Harbor. Great difficulty was found in launching the 74, and several attempts were made; at length on Wednesday, June 22d, 1814, with the assistance of the Guards, who numbered 70 rank and file, she bounded into her natural element. Soon after this the Guards returned home, after having encamped fifteen days at the Navy Yard.—Com. Bainbridge returned thanks, and presented the Corps with several swords and other articles, captured from the British Frigate Java, by him, while in the Constitution. These things are now preserved at the Armory of the Guards at Boston. On the 20th of Sept., 1814, the board of war assembled in Boston, presented the Guards with a pair of brass field pieces, of six pound calibre, bearing the following inscription; “Cast and mounted by order of the Board of war, for the New England Guards, 1814,” these pieces are retained by the Company at this moment, and are in constant use. On the 25th October, the Guards were ordered to garrison Fort Strong, in Boston Harbor, to repel invasion. They remained there some time, when they were relieved, after having received the thanks of the authorities. They were not again called into service, as peace was soon after declared.

The Guards were the first company who ever performed voluntary camp duty in New England. They commenced their campaigns at Woburn, in 1815, and from that time to the present, nearly every year they have encamped, with few exceptions. The campaigns which have been the most remarkable, are those of Woburn, 1815; Savin Hill, 1824; Nahant, 1828; Hopkinton, 1836; Woburn, 1838; Barnstable, 1839. At Savin Hill, in 1824, Gen'l. Lafayette visited the encampment, while the Company were practising at a target with the artillery. The General directed one of the pieces, and the first shot struck the centre of the target. The encampment at Barnstable, in 1839, was one of the most beautiful the Guards ever enjoyed. They performed escort at the request of the Committee for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of that town, and received many marks of approbation from the citizens and Committee. The Guards have repeatedly been called upon to assist the civil authorities in quelling riots, and suppressing disturbances; suffice to mention, among others, the convent riot, in 1834, and the riot in Broad street, in 1837; on all occasions of that kind they have been found ready and willing to do their duty. October 30th, 1837, the Guards were ordered out by the Governor for the purpose of doing guard duty with other military companies, while the delegation of Indians who visited the eastward, went through their war dances on the common, in presence of at least fifty thousand spectators. On this occasion Mr. S. Abbott Lawrence, a member of the Corps, presented them with a superb standard painted by Hubbard. Four months labor was bestowed upon it by Mr. Hubbard, and it was considered one of most elegant paintings on satin, ever exhibited in Boston. The Guards are now in a prosperous state, and are ready and willing on all occasions to give their services to their country when they may be required. The list of officers at present, are as follows:—

CAPTAIN, GEORGE TYLER BIGELOW.

Lieutenant,  
CHARLES GORDON.

Sergeants,  
1st S. ABBOTT LAWRENCE,  
2nd WM. K. MILLS,  
3rd HENRY T. SAUNDERS,  
4th GEORGE W. WARREN,

Ensign,  
CHARLES A. WELCH.  
Corporals,

1st ROBERT J. BROWN,  
2nd C. AUSTIN COOLIDGE,  
3rd A. DAVIS HALL,  
4th DESTER HARLOW.





TO THE  
NEW ENGLAND GUARDS.

*this plate is most respectfully dedicated*

*by Huddy & Duval.*



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## Staff.

Quarter-Master,  
JONATHAN WHITNEY.

Surgeon,  
DR. S. PARKMAN.

Commissary,  
ELIAS M. WHITNEY.

The past commanders of the Guards are recorded below, they are all at present living in Boston.

Col. SAMUEL SWETT,  
GEORGE SULLIVAN,  
GEORGE W. LYMAN,  
FRANKLIN DESTER,  
CHARLES G. LORING,  
WILLIAM H. GARDNER,

WILLIAM F. OTIS,  
EDWARD G. LORING,  
RICHARD S. FAY,  
THOMAS S. DWIGHT,  
ALANSON TUCKER, Jr.  
HENRY H. W. SIGOURNEY.

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## THE FIELD OF BRADDOCK.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON.

Dr. James Craik, the early companion in arms, and bosom friend of Washington, was a native of Scotland. The father of the celebrated Paul Jones was gardener to the father of Dr. Craik, at whose residence the first years of the Chevalier were passed—his real name, John Paul.

Educated for an army surgeon, Dr. Craik, soon after his arrival in Virginia, was attached to the troops destined, under the command of Col. Washington, to repel the encroachments of the French and Indians, and was present at the affair of Fort Necessity, in 1755. The following year he joined the army of Braddock, partook of the dangers of that disastrous campaign, and dressed the wounds of his ill-fated commander, on the field of battle.

The associations of Craik with Washington, were of the most interesting character. Their first commissions were signed on the same day. Young fellow-soldiers in the wars of '55, '56—adventurers in exploring the western wilds, when the Indian Prophet delivered the oracles of faith in 1772—compatriots in the struggle for liberty—friends in the retirement of private life—in a word, for nearly half a century, and in times most productive of great events, they were united by warm and affectionate attachments, from their first meetings at the palace of the Colonial Governor at Williamsburg, in 1754, to the last adieu at the death-bed side of the father of his country, at Mount Vernon, in 1799.

Craik survived his friend and commander not many years, dying at the patriarchal age of eighty-four, and preserving his faculties to the last, in so eminent a degree, as to relate the events of time long passed, with the freshness which belonged to yesterday. From his venerable lips have been derived many of the interesting recollections of this work.

On the morning of the 9th of July, Col. Washington assured the commander-in-chief, that the enemy would fight him on that day—and gave, as his reasons, that the French were not sufficiently strong of themselves to await his attack within their works, and that their Indian allies, on whom a principal dependence was to be placed, would never consent, for a moment, to be cooped up within the walls of a fortress.

This judicious advice was received by the brave but pertinacious Braddock, with indifference. He spoke of the number and discipline of his European troops, his own prowess in war, and the certainty that his bayonets would glitter above the vanquished walls of Fort du Quesne before sunset, rather regretted that the Rangers could take but little share in the grand escalade, by which he meant to storm the fortress, and end the campaign at a blow.

The provincial Colonel, finding his salutary counsel so little regarded, retired to his friends, and remarked, "this confidant man, will either be greatly mistaken, or I know but little of the Indian character."

The ambuscade was so contrived, as to permit the English to get well out of the river before the attack commenced. The regulars fell in their ranks, for a time, but were soon thrown into confusion—their officers mostly killed, and themselves demolished, without ever seeing their enemy; for not an Indian was seen by them, until their shattered remains were recrossing the river; then the savages were perceived dispatching the wounded, whose shrieks could be distinctly heard by their retiring comrades. Sixty-four out of eighty-five officers, and one half the privates, were killed or wounded. Col. Washington, debilitated by previous severe illness, from his great and heroic exertions on this memorable day, became so exhausted, that when Bishop rushed through the fire of the enemy, and brought him another horse, it was only by the exertions of this faithful follower, that he was remounted. His hat was shot through in two places, and to use Bishop's own words, the skirts of his coat were cut in ribbands.

The Rangers, animated by the presence and example of the Provincial Colonel, made a gallant fight; practising the savage mode of warfare, they held the enemy at bay, and enabled the remains of the regulars to escape. This fine band of woodsmen suffered so severely, that of three to four hundred men who went into action, scarcely a tenth survived.

Braddock, with stern, unyielding aspects, beheld the ruin his rashness had made. Colonel Sir Peter Halket came up to him and observed, that the regular troops, after firing upon the invisible enemy, were in great confusion, and suffering a terrible carnage; that most of his officers were killed, or wounded, and praying that the General would be pleased to change the order of the battle, and permit him to fight the enemy more in their own way. The veteran tactician indignantly growled out, "What, Sir Peter, are you turning coward in your old age?" Halket bowing, replied, "It is rather late in the day, may it please your excellency, for me to turn coward," then retired to the wreck of his regiment, and was soon after mortally wounded. Looking around him for a spot, "where he might lay down to die," he espied his nurse, (who had followed the regiment from Ireland) under the shades of a tree engaged in relieving the wounded; to her he crawled, and resting his gray head upon the aged knees which had pillowed his infancy, expired.



From a female skeleton being found under the aforementioned tree, by persons who had been sent from Europe to search for the remains of Sir Peter, it became evident that the nurse did not abandon her foster child, even when his life had fled, and must have been engaged in her solemn and maternal duty, when the fatal tomahawk summoned her to worlds unknown. Not long after his interview with Sir Peter, Braddock fell; while Dr. Craik was endeavouring to staunch his wound, he called out, "I'll know how to give it to them the next time!" clenching his fist towards the enemy. His critical military ear readily distinguished between the deep sounds of the musketry and the sharper report of the rangers' rifles; and a Captain Stewart, of the staff, coming up at the time, the General observed that the musketry had ceased, and inquired what firing it was that he heard. Stewart replied, "It is Washington, who, with the rangers, still fights the enemy, and will enable many of the regulars to escape." "Ah!" said the now repentant Braddock, as the intervals of relief from the agony of his wound would permit, "go to him—bless him—tell him from me, had I have been governed by his advice we should have never come to this."

These memorable words were the last the dying General uttered on the field of battle. Indeed Washington would have been his protecting genius before, as well as during the battle, would he have listened to advice, first given on the landing of the troops at Alexandria, and repeated, though without effect, up to the morning of the fatal 9th of July. It is said that the Colonel advised the leaving, at least, one half of the regulars at the place of debarcation, and enlisting in their stead a like number of woodsmen; but nothing could convince the ill-fated General that European tactics would avail nothing in a warfare of the wilderness.

General Braddock died the day succeeding the battle, and was buried in the wagon road, the grave levelled, and the wagons purposely driven over it, that it might be concealed from the Indians, whose trophies of victory would have been greatly enriched by the addition of a general's scalp.

A circumstance of some moment, to the medical world, occurred on the retreat of the English forces from the Monongahela. The hospital stores having been lost, the surgeons dressed the wounded men with applications made from grass, weeds and herbs, bruised, and formed into poultices; and the wounds did remarkably well. May not this hint be useful to those engaged in the Florida war, or distant expeditions in savage countries? We know that the Indians do cure very bad wounds, and we well know that they have no apothecaries' hall, and their simples are entirely derived from the vegetable kingdom.

The character of Braddock may be summed up in a few words. He was brave, without the better part, discretion, and perished in vainly attempting to wage the warfare of the European plains, in the wilds of the new world. He was the son of old General Braddock, a distinguished officer, in the early part of the last century. His sister celebrated for her beauty, her wealth, and misfortunes, came to an untimely end. She possessed a fortune of six thousand a year, was fond of intrigue, though certainly never criminal, and having dissipated her fortune at the gaming table, became reduced to want. She put a period to her existence, by hanging herself in an embroidered girdle.

"Her youth, her beauty and misfortunes, rendered her the object of universal pity; and the fate of her brother will be less regretted, when it is known that he was so destitute of humanity as when he heard of his sister's death, to express himself by a pun, saying that *she had tied herself up from play*.

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### The Soldier's Trial Task.

He leaned his head upon his hand,  
His thoughts were full of care,  
For worthy men had sought of him,  
The prisoner to spare;  
"Andre is full of nobleness!  
But should that save a spy,  
No! he has broken nations' laws,  
And by those laws must die?"  
Thus thought undaunted Washington,  
And grasped the fatal pen,  
That doomed the pride of Britain's hosts,  
To leave the race of men;

His strong frame trembled as he wrote,  
The punishment severe,  
And gazing on the meaning sheet,  
He wet it with a tear!  
The drop was from a stern man's eye,  
That did not often melt,  
He *sentenced*, as a chieftain should,  
But as a *man* he felt;  
*He* would not act beneath his part,  
Tho' all the world should ask,  
And like a soldier he performed,  
"The Soldier's Trial Task."





From Life by W. M. Lundy.

J. S. Duvall, Lith. Engr.

Engraved by A. H. H. H.

TO THE BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY,

*this plate is most respectfully dedicated*

*by Huddy & Duvall*

*Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1840 by Huddy & Duvall, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern Dist. of Penna.*



"DEATH, OR AN HONORABLE LIFE."

## BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

The Boston Light Infantry, familiarly known among the citizens of Boston and the volunteer Companies of the neighboring towns as the Tigers, was created in May, 1798, and is now the second corps in age, in the city.

The immediate cause of the creation of the Infantry, was the apprehension which existed of a war between this Country and France, after the return of the Ambassadors sent to the Court of Versailles by President Adams. No sooner was it thought even possible that the soil of Massachusetts might be insulted by the presence of an armed force, than the young men of the Town of Boston organised this Corps, to aid in the defence of their birth place; resolved, in the language of the Constitution which they then adopted for their association, "to support at all hazards their Country and the Government which protects them, and that unless commanded they would never quit their standard till forced from it by an Honorable Death," from which originated the motto of the Company, which we have prefixed to this article.

In pursuance of this patriotic spirit, the members devoted themselves to the drill during the Summer of '98 until in October of that year they felt that they were sufficiently prepared to make their appearance in public. It was quite a gala day when the young recruits marched up State Street for the first time. The enthusiasm of the spectators was unbounded, the young rejoiced in the spirit displayed by their associates, while the more aged remembered the fire of their youthful years, and cheered and encouraged with congratulations, that determination which had called the corps into existence.

The Corps was commanded by Daniel Sargent, John Callender, Lieutenant, John Heard, Jr. Ensign, of whom Mr. Sargent, is now the only one living, and, it is worthy of remark, that at the celebration of the anniversary of the Corps, in May, 1838, Mr. Sargent, who was present, ascertained on enquiry, that of all the members present and in uniform, not one was born when he paraded for the first time in 1798.

Though the immediate cause of the creation of the Infantry soon passed away, not so with the spirit which had been aroused in the young men, the company continued and flourished, and during the last war acted as minute men, for most of the time, during the cruise of the English vessels of war off Boston Harbor, and went about their respective occupations and pursuits in the fatigue dress, ready at a moment's warning to make themselves useful to their Country.

It would occupy more space than our limits allow, to trace minutely all the interesting movements of the Corps from its formation; but we cannot refrain from giving a hasty sketch of one enterprise, began, continued and finished with glorious success. We refer to the excursion to New York in August, 1826, among the first, if not the very first, of the visits of citizens of one State to those of another, in time of peace, with military ceremony and detail.

The corps left Boston early on the morning of August 3rd, for Providence, distance forty miles. The first twenty miles was accomplished by dark, and the tents were pitched at Walpole for the night. The next day's march terminated at Pawtucket a few miles from Providence. The ensuing morning, under escort of the Fayette Rifle Guards, they marched to Providence line, where they were received by the Independent Cadets, of Providence, by whom they were hospitably and elegantly entertained. The following day, they embarked on board the Steam Boat Connecticut for New York, and early on Sunday morning they landed at Brooklyn, opposite New York, and there made their encampment. Great curiosity existed to see the Yankee Soldiers, and to hear the renowned Military Band which accompanied them, and the boats and vessels in the river, and the wharves and shore, were thronged with spectators. While encamped at Brooklyn, the Corps received the most marked attention from the Governments of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, from proprietors of various places of amusement, and from the Bostonians resident in New York. Under escort of one of the Military companies of the city, they marched to the Park, and in presence of a multitude of spectators went through the manœuvres of Infantry and Light Infantry in a manner which obtained for them universal approbation.

After enjoying themselves for several days in and about New York, they set out on their return home, and after being confined to the circumscribed accommodations of a Steam Boat for three days, in a North-Easterly Storm, they reached Providence, where the Light Infantry of that City compensated for their disappointment, by a most friendly welcome. The next day they took up the line of march; and halted in the evening at Dedham, Nine Miles from Boston, where they encamped, and on the ensuing day returned to Boston, marched to their armory amidst the cheers of the Citizens.

Since this excursion, the Company has performed many tours of Camp duty at Hingham, Salem, New Port and other places, and has entertained the military companies of other cities which have visited Boston. In the year 1836, this corps received the Light Guards of New York, Capt. Vincent, and escorted them into the City, and almost exclusively acted the host to them, from which visit a mutual friendship sprang up among the members of the respective companies, which we trust will long continue.

It has been already stated that it has never been the fortune of the Infantry to be called into action, but for forty-one years they have ever been ready, and, in more than one occasion, have aided the civil authority in support of its power, and have been equally on the alert to honor a friend or meet an enemy.

During the period of its existence there has been no change in the organization of the Company except such as the change of tactics made necessary, nor has there ever been any feud or division among the members, which so often happens in associations of a similar character. On the contrary, there has always existed among the members a fraternal and social feeling which has undoubtedly contributed much to advance it to its present standing.

At the celebration of its fortieth anniversary the past officers of the Company presented to it an entirely new stand of arms, in token of their attachment to their successors.



The uniform of the Corps has been changed three times. The first uniform, as seen in the back ground of the plate, is thus described in the orderly book. "A Light Infantry coat of blue cloth, with red facings and yellow metal buttons, white cassimere pantaloons with blue edgings, black half boots with red tops, black stock. Helmet with a crest of red hair, and brass eagle, and the hair close cropped and powdered." The present uniform was adopted in 1833.

The Boston Light Infantry are as well known by the appellation of "The Tigers" as by their own proper title. How this name became so materially a part of their history is involved in some obscurity, we believe, however, that it was first adopted by the members on their return from an encampment, in 1322, when, after a fatiguing days duty, they found themselves obliged to march some fifteen miles, the order for which was promptly and cheerfully obeyed, and the zeal and ardor and untiring perseverance with which it was accomplished bore so striking a resemblance to the natural spirit of the Tiger, that the name was given to the members as a mark of distinction, and we believe that it may be safely stated that since that time all their movements have been undertaken with that go-ahead spirit which entitle them to this singular cognomen.

**The Present Officers of the Infantry are,**  
**ELBRIDGE G. AUSTIN, CAPTAIN.**

**WILLIAM DEHEN, Lieut.**

**CHARLES H. PARKER, Ensign.**

**Sergeants.**

1st SAMUEL ANDREWS,  
2nd E. JONES ANDREWS,  
3d BENJAMIN JOHNSON,  
4th AARON BARRETT,

ABLE R. NEVERS, Armorer.  
SAMUEL ANDREWS, Clerk.

**Corporals.**

1st FRANCIS I. BOYD,  
2nd LUTHER L. PARKER,  
3d ABEL R. NEVERS,  
4th PELHAM W. HAYWARD.

A. S. BURRILL, Commissary.  
WILLIAM H. PARKER Asst, Clerk.

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**Solution to the Enigma in No. 8.**

*From the War of 1812.*

In spite of all your fire and flame,  
Fulton's *Torpedo* is your name.  
Be this your name; I can't agree  
That an eternal slave is free.  
Can we, America's brave sons,  
Tho' Freedom's chariot boldly runs,  
Boast we are free, and still be slaves  
To France's tyrant, Britain's knaves?

Can we, the wonder of the world,  
At whom, in vain, John Bull has hurl'd  
His thunders on the sea;  
Can we see our brave seamen slaves  
To the fierce tyrants of the waves,  
And still pretend we're free?

SUILENROC.